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## THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

BY RICHARD HUIE, M. D., EDINBURGH.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—Numbers 23: 10.

FRIEND,  
Light fall my footsteps on the floor:  
He sleeps!

WIDOW.  
But he will wake no more!  
The struggle's past—the captive's free,  
And crowned with joy and victory!

FRIEND,  
Say, was his conflict sharp and brief?  
Or had he long desired relief?  
Were careless days and clamorous dim,  
And sleepless nights appointed him?

WIDOW.  
For years he on a sick bed lay,  
And pined and wasted day by day.  
But, though by inches doomed to die,  
Rich springs of comfort still were nigh;  
And, when the dread hour came at last,  
The bitterness of death was past.

FRIEND,  
Had then despair his bosom stealed,  
Or potent drugs his senses sealed?  
Did he then fall as easy prey,  
And all unconscious sleep away?

WIDOW.  
O, no! death's grim approach he knew;  
Yet shrank not, bleached not at the view;  
But then God's angel hovered near,  
Their guardian wings were o'er him spread,  
Their hands made smooth his dying bed,  
And still the Holy Spirit's voice  
Bade his blood-sprinkled soul rejoice!

FRIEND,  
And ever as his strength decayed,  
His faltering tongue for patience prayed,  
And as his breath he fainter drew,  
He told of consolations new—  
Of grace that ne'er would slumber sleep,  
Of peace that ne'er would leave the soul,  
Of God's love and tender mercies,  
Of Christ's blood and precious promises,  
Of heaven's bliss and glory,  
Of the Father's love and the Son's love,  
Of the Holy Spirit's love and the Holy Spirit's love,  
Of the Father's love and the Son's love,  
Of the Holy Spirit's love and the Holy Spirit's love,

FRIEND,  
O may I with the righteous die!  
And like him breathe my latest sigh!

For the Herald and Journal.

## PRAYER MEETING.

Where, this side of those mansions which Christ has gone to prepare for those who love him, can be found so blessed a place, as a good old-fashioned Methodist prayer meeting?

Not the passing away an evening in performing a dull, cold, formal round of duties; not the singing a hymn, the spirit of which would be better fitted for almost any other occasion, in a tune equally inappropriate; not sitting sluggishly upon the seat whilst a worldly minded professor stands repeating long, wearisome sentences, called prayer; nor by listening to studied expositions of Scripture, already plain and simple; this kind of prayer meeting is not that blessed place; but it is

where brethren and sisters, one in Christ Jesus, meet; it may be in an upper room, like that in which the disciples met after the Lord's ascension. Not the passing away an evening in performing a dull, cold, formal round of duties; not the singing a hymn, the spirit of which would be better fitted for almost any other occasion, in a tune equally inappropriate; not sitting sluggishly upon the seat whilst a worldly minded professor stands repeating long, wearisome sentences, called prayer; nor by listening to studied expositions of Scripture, already plain and simple; this kind of prayer meeting is not that blessed place; but it is

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For the Herald and Journal.

## CAMP MEETINGS.

Brother Stevens.—For some time past, I have thought that something ought to be suggested to correct some of the evils, and stir up our people to a sense of their high obligations and responsibility for usefulness at our camp meetings.

It is an acknowledged fact that our camp meetings are not productive of that degree of good that they have been in former years. And is there not a cause for this? The Lord is the same—the Spirit's witness—our people are as valuable as ever—and our camp meetings are as well attended—and why, then, is not the present as the past?

In reading a communication in the Christian Advocate and Journal of last week, on the subject of camp meetings, signed by "A Layman," I find my views so nearly expressed, that with your permission I should like to make an extract. That part which I wish to quote treats upon some of the causes or reasons why our camp meetings are not productive of so much good as formerly.

1. There has been a want of zeal and interest on the part of some of our ministers, in these meetings. They have not entered into them with all their hearts, making them the occasion of close intercourse with such of their flocks as attend, and showing by their own labors and efforts that they love the work whereunto they are called from on high. One indifferent feeling by a minister, throws a chill through the whole circle of his influence. I have no doubt that there are ministers who should shudder at the thought of failing to promote God's work, much more of impeding it, who have, by their apparent indifference, or neglect, done serious injury to the work in hand.

2. There has been a neglect of duty and faithfulness on the part of the official members of the church. I have already remarked, that the propriety of these meetings is not an open question; they are established; the church is responsible for their results; and it is our duty to exert our influence in the right direction. All the objections to camp meetings ever made have been objections to their abuse, and in most cases these abuses would have been avoided if there had been united, dignified, cordial action on the part of the educated, intelligent, and influential portion of our members. If the class leaders, and stewards, and trustees, and intelligent brethren, either stay away, or retire from active efforts, it will be no wonder if these meetings become scenes of fanaticism, and ranting, and boisterous behavior, offensive to God and man. But let men of piety and sense regard them as instruments by which they may do good; let them take the lead of the exercises in the tents and at the prayer meeting, in co-operation with the ministers, as it is their right and their duty, and the extravagances of the ignorant, the boisterous, and the fanatical, will be controlled, and great good will be achieved. Let those brethren who by the common judgment of men, are men of standing and influence, go to these meetings, enter into their spirit, get their own hearts warmed, and exert all their strength in the cause. There is great reason to believe that some of us, by our own indifference, if nothing else, are putting at hazard the salvation of men.

3. There has been a violation of the designs of these meetings, by large classes of our respectable private members. The purposes for which we should attend are two-fold. First, that by turning away from the business, and pleasures, and affairs of the world, and by a protracted, persevering intercourse with God, and Christ, and heavenly things, we may receive a baptism from on high, a manifestation of God's glory, a renewing in the spirit of our minds. And secondly, that by continued efforts at the stand, in the tents, and on the ground, we may be the means of winning souls to Christ. But how sadly have we departed from these purposes! There are many who seem to regard the camp ground as a sort of a country retreat from the bustle of cities, and having arranged their tents and appendages with a view to comfort, they seem to regard the business, so far as they are concerned, accomplished. In nothing which they do or say can any other motive be discovered but that of their selfishness. Instead of activity in the cause of God, they are consummately indolent; instead of exhibiting a spirit of self-sacrifice, they seek nothing but a comfortable arrangement for their bodies; instead of occupying their time, during the intervening hours between the public meetings, in private prayer, they make it the occasion of a kind of a social intercourse, resembling more the visitors at a public watering place, than the humble attendants of a meeting for God's worship. They commit no overt acts, but they are seen pronouncing the camp ground and the groves with an unbecoming levity; they indulge in worldly and sometimes vain conversation, in idling away the time, and they do not know what spirit they are of, or that they are criminally indifferent to it; they wander from tent to tent, and sit idling in the places of the scornful, and thus give them their countenance, if nothing more; they are known to be professors of religion, yet their evident want of interest in the active duties of the meeting, and their stupidity in respect to religion, are the subject of observation by both saints and sinners. It is needless to say that every such professor of religion goes home in a state further from God, from salvation, from heaven, than when he came. He goes with the blood of souls upon his head, and to him, unless he repents, the meeting will be a source of death to death. No member of the Methodist Church ought to visit these sacred groves unless he goes prepared to devote himself to the work of God. Every hour of these meetings should be deemed sacred, and spent with a view to our spiritual improvement, and the promotion of Christ's cause.

There are many members of the church who adopt a sort of divided course in respect to the meetings. They cannot arrange their affairs so as to attend them, and devote themselves wholly to their object, neither are they willing to stay entirely away, and they therefore adopt a sort of "go and come" policy, the tendency of which is to do harm. It is not necessary to say that every such professor of religion goes home in a state further from God, from salvation, from heaven, than when he came. He goes with the blood of souls upon his head, and to him, unless he repents, the meeting will be a source of death to death. No member of the Methodist Church ought to visit these sacred groves unless he goes prepared to devote himself to the work of God. Every hour of these meetings should be deemed sacred, and spent with a view to our spiritual improvement, and the promotion of Christ's cause.

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themselves upon these meetings, to stand aloof from the influence of religious men, and to cast contempt upon the exercises. While these persons spend their time loitering about the ground, gazing upon those in the tents, and yet refuse to come into the congregation at the public meetings, they find encouragements to continue by the facilities furnished for their accommodation by these boarding tents. It is at variance with the objects of the meetings that such things should be encouraged.

Instead of this, the best course is that which in many places is now adopted. Let the brethren in each church, or, if more convenient, of several churches united, ascertain beforehand the estimated number who will attend, and let them employ some suitable person to provide for them, and let his tent be the boarding tent of that particular church, or the several united churches. Let the brethren at the camp apportion the aggregate amount of the expenses among themselves, and pay it.

The table will then be under the control of the ministers and members of the church; God will be there; acknowledged; religious conversation will be there; the unconverted members of the congregations who wish it will come among their acquaintances, they will be brought under religious influences, and we may hope, many of them will be converted. There ought never to be a boarding table upon any camp ground which is not under the control of the minister and member of some church, and made subject to religious influences.

The practice which prevails in some places of having public boarding tents—a sort of common tavern, subject to the control of the special agents of the devil—places where God's worship is banished, and where loud, and coarse, and sometimes vulgar conversation, is indulged in, and in which every playful youngster, who pays his twenty-five cents, regards himself as at liberty to disturb all around him—ought at once and forever to be abandoned. Bring them into the church tents, and do them good; but let us not have special accommodations furnished for the Prince of Darkness. These boarding tents are most destructive of religion, and ought to be cut up root and branch. Let every person who wishes accommodation seek it in the company of the members of some church, where, if he is not a Christian, he will be subject to good influences, and made to respect himself, and fear God.

For the Herald and Journal.

## A SCENE.

"Who went about doing good."—Acts 10: 39.

Day had dawned upon the city. The sun had risen with unclouded splendor. The air was mild as spring. Come we to a scene of enchanting beauty, where all seems flowery, wild and sweet. Gently wave the olive trees in the morning breeze. The lake seems tranquilly slumbering in its cradle of green, while its waters give a more lovely effect to the lilies and other flowers that bloom upon its bosom, in all their floral loveliness. Yonder rises a lofty mansion, embowered in green. In this sequestered spot, (where the hum of the city is but faintly heard,) could one's lot but be best. Has sorrow an entrance here? Enter this apartment, filled with all the elegance of eastern splendor, and learn the insecurity of all things earthly. Reclining on a couch, is the bright and beautiful "ruler's daughter." The messenger, death, is hovering near to snatch her from the embrace of those fond parents, who bend over her in speechless woe, hope, and grief. The object of all their hopes, they are doomed to see vanish from them. Their souls shrink from the bitter belief. But a faint glimmer of hope rises upon the father; she may yet live; and he, gathering his costly robes around him, leaves his only one to seek the great prophet of Israel. The mother staid by her daughter, till without a sigh, the pure spirit left its tenement of clay. Then flinging herself upon the couch, burst forth in a passion of grief, and wept in wild despair that she was gone for ever. Then she would call on that loved one's name, and on heaven to give her a speedy release from earth, that she might meet her in paradise. As she thought of her as resting in Abraham's bosom, the mother's will; and as she prayed, resignation was granted her. Calmly she put back the curls from off her marble brow, and kissed those white lips which the voice was gone, folded those hands so often raised to implore her blessing.

Under the shade of the lofty palms, reclined the way worn disciples, while the Savior spoke to the multitude. Suddenly the crowd gives way, and the once proud Jarius, the ruler of the synagogue, falls in the dust at Jesus' feet, worshipping and kissing the hem of his coarse garment. Humbly, for all he feels that little avails his wealth and honor now, he intreats him to come and heal his daughter. Moved by his sorrow, the Savior complies with his request, enters his mansion, takes the damsel by the hand, and with a word the spirit returns again; and lo! the dead is living.

Yonder, they are bearing to his resting place, the son of a widow. Death has stolen the jewel from the casket, and the mother is following, with fearful eye, her lost loved one to the sepulchre of his fathers. O, who can tell her sorrows, her frantic grief, the stay of her declining years, thus snatched away? But suddenly a voice, sweet and low, like the sighing winds is heard, saying, "Weep not." Then addressing the lifeless corpse with, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise," waiting angels attend his spirit back, and the mother receives again her son; and while the astonished multitude with fear glorified God, "He withdrew from their sight."

Again, at the twilight hour, the streets were lined with the couches of the afflicted, who seemed to have endured long years of sorrows. At the word of Christ, disease fled. The rose returned to the sunken cheek, and hope lit up their countenances, while they fell at the Savior's feet joyful.

We enter the room of feasting; here are silken couches, and tables spread with the luxuries of the East. The haughty Pharisee had desired that he would eat with him. But lo! a form of beauty approaches, bowed down with grief. Her disheveled hair, haggard cheek, and sunken eye, proclaim her agony of mind; she is a sinner. Falling at his feet, she bathes them with her bitter tears of grief, and wipes them with her long dark hair. But while the assembled multitude gaze on her with bitter scorn, Jesus turns, and while she weeps with agonizing uncertainty, borne down under a weight of sin, He sweetly exclaims, "Thy sins which are many, are all forgiven." Joy arose in her bosom, and she left those stately halls with bright visions of hope, praising Christ that the bruised reed he had not broken.

The sun refused to shine, dark clouds obscured the sky, when Christ, suffering for the sins of the whole world, passed along "Via Dolorosa." He bore his cross up Mount Calvary, crowned with a crown of thorns, in cruel mockery. In that dread hour he listened to the prayer of the poor suffering thief at his side. How sweet to him was the harmony of those words, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." The heart of the redeemed in heaven alone can estimate the worth of that unspeakable gift granted us in the person of Him, who went about doing good." S. S.

Concord, N. H., June 18.

From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

## A VICTORY.

BY R. E. MACLELLAN.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune  
At the evening air;  
The crackling bonfires turn the sky  
All crimson with their glare;  
Bells ring from the startled streets  
With music-inspiring sound,  
The young cannon's pealing breath  
Whose thunder shouts around;  
And thousand joyful voices cry,  
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,  
And with her kitten played—  
Lies wild and frolicsome now she,  
That rosy, prattling maid;  
Sudden her cheek turns ghastly white;  
Her eye with fear is filled,  
And rising in old-fashioned screams—  
"My brother Willie's killed!"

And thousand joyful voices cry,  
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A mother sat in thoughtful ease,  
A knitting by the fire,  
Plying the needle's thrifty task  
With hands that never tire.  
She tore her jaw gray hairs, and shrieked,  
"My joy on earth is done;  
O, who will lay me in my grave?  
O, God! my son! my son!"

And thousand joyful voices cry,  
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed,  
With matron's pleasure blessed;  
A smiling infant nestling lay  
In slumber at her breast.  
She saw no more, she heeded no sigh,  
The widow's tale to tell,  
But like a corpse, all white and stiff,  
Upon the earth-floor fell;  
And thousand joyful voices cry,  
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

An old, weak man, with head of snow,  
And years three-score and ten,  
Looked in upon his cabin-hone,  
And anguish seized him then.  
He helped not wife, nor helpless babe;  
Matron nor little maid,  
One scaling tear, one choking sob—  
He knelt him down and prayed.  
And thousand joyful voices cry,  
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

For the Herald and Journal.

## THE CRISIS.

Mr. Editor.—The religious affairs of the world have come to an important crisis. The tide of error and infidelity is swelling its dark and desolating waves across our land; and has already swept many professed friends of truth down the whirlpool of ruin. The excitement of the times, which in many instances has driven the element of the moral world to an awful confusion. The Church is passing through a fiery trial, and it remains to be seen whether she will come forth as to be driven from her prominence to the vale of obscurity. A few years will decide the contest, yea, the scale may now be ready to preponderate; and who is prepared for the results? The results of this state of things must be immeasurably great. If the sanctified elements of truth gain the ascendancy, and bring the improvements of the age under their control, we may look for a new and brilliant era in the history of the Church. If the formidable and intoxicating principles of the day prevail to such an extent as to take the lead in public affairs, then we may expect a reign of fashion and false religion, unparalleled in the history of our race.

Every reflecting Christian must have had deep emotions of soul, when these fields of light and darkness have alternately passed before his mind. On the one side, his soul glows with holy ambition; on the other, his heart bleeds with grief and shame—he weeps in silence before the God of his Fathers. Were it not for the thought that Christ is at the head of his Church, we would now sit down in despair and give up the contest. This thought gives us courage to prosecute the war against the powers of darkness. But much remains to be done before we can gain that victory which shall be worthy of the church for which we fight.

1. Let the ministry shut itself up with God, until it can come forth before the world purified with holy fire. Pray until the angel of love shall fly from the Throne of God and lay a coal of sacred fire upon our hearts. Here is the secret of the minister's success. In this we have failed—I have failed. The excitement of the world have worked themselves into my mind too much—I have not gone into the pulpit with that faith which I once had. I have not felt that burning of soul, which once drove me, after the sinner, that I once felt. And I fear that I am not alone in this. By the grace of God I intend to be more holy in future. Let us as ministers of Christ fast and pray, until we can say to the people of our charge, follow us, for we follow Christ. There are too few tears in the pulpit, when we speak of the state of the sinner. An educated ministry I know is needed, and loudly called for, and the ministry must keep pace with the times in its accomplishments, but above all, let us have a holy, self-sacrificing ministry, filled with faith and the Holy Ghost, and then will the world be moved.

2. Let a good and wholesome discipline be enforced and the Church purged from its dross. The world charges us with corruption and hypocrisy, and in part it is true. Though not true in the sense which wicked men pretend the charges, it is true that corrupt men are often found in the church—they ought to be purged out. Such men poison us with their presence—they are the Devil's strong holds. Drive him from the sacred inclosure and he can do us but little harm. When he can stand with one foot in the Church, he can easily keep the other on the neck of the world. Let us remember that he cannot stand holy fire. Let the discipline be administered with holy hands, and the Church will stand before the world and plead "not guilty"—the evidence will be clear and conclusive.

3. Then let the entire body move toward Heaven with his banner unfurled to beckon the world to follow. Sinners would wonder; and fearful of being involved in awful darkness by remaining to far from the "Light of the world," they would start in the chase—angels would facilitate their efforts, while a shout would go up to God from every shore.

DOWN EAST.

Lafayette said, "American liberty can only be destroyed by the Popish clergy." But do not Papists profess to be attached to free institutions? Certainly they do; but then they want them entirely under their control. Now, while the Protestants have the power, they cry liberty and equality; but if they should get the ascendancy, they would proclaim despotism. Give the Pope of Rome a little more power in this country, and he will not only stamp our Bibles with his ecclesiastical seal, but will control our free press and direct our elections. All that are acquainted with the history of the church know what a curse Popery has been to the race; and that same iron-bound hoof that has crushed millions of human beings to the dust, would like to make sport of millions more, in case they did not submit to its dictation. Popery has already been shadowed forth in our country. What has it done? It has, on our own free soil, made a bonfire of the Bible; it has made a determined effort in one of our cities to eject the Bible from common schools;

For the Herald and Journal.

## THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

Our holy religion is progressive in its nature. There shall be a handful of corn in the ear upon the tops of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.—Ps. 72: 16.

There was never an enterprise that commenced under circumstances more forbidding, than the kingdom of Christ. If we transport ourselves to the plains of Judea, and bring to remembrance the state of the world, and the circumstances connected with the erection of the spiritual kingdom of Christ, we shall see the workings of divinity in its establishment, perpetuation, and enlargement. Scarcely a ray of light was shining forth to dispel the shades of moral night. Superstition and ignorance were the distinguished characteristics of the people. In the midst of these scenes of moral desolation, the root and offspring of David made his advent; not enrobed in the splendor of earthly greatness, but clothed with the light of the world from which he came. The time having come for the commencement of his work, he gathered around him a few disciples, (not from the higher walks of life), and engaged in his glorious enterprise, without wealth, or arms, or worldly influence; and at his exhibitions of divine truth, the haughty Pharisees and Sadducees, with their infidelity, stood in suspense, and exclaimed, "Never!" His disciples being ignorant of the future, must have inferred from present indications, that the cause of their Master would soon be pushed forward, and crowned with universal success. But soon their most sanguine hopes were darkened. Their master was betrayed into the hands of his enemies, by one of their number, condemned at the bar of Pilate, and hurried from this scene of depravity, to the sufferings of Calvary; and there, in the midst of Jewish insults, and the tragedies of Calvary, paid the price of the world's redemption. Living as we do, posterior to the scene, one would suppose that their attachments to their Master was so strong, that they would have stood by him in the greatest peril; and his instructions, and the doctrines of the cross so plain, that the most illiterate would have understood them; but the sacred historian teaches us, that when he most needed their prayers and sympathies, they all forsook him and fled. And no sooner had the universe been startled at this exhibition of divine love and benevolence, than his disciples were seen going about Jerusalem with despair pictured in every countenance, and exclaiming, "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel!" But soon the scene is changed; it is evidenced to the world, that sin, death and hell are conquered! Christ comes forth from the grave; the hopes of his despairing disciples are revived, and they go forth clothed with divine power, to evangelize and save the world. But the sacred historian teaches us, that when he most needed their prayers and sympathies, they all forsook him and fled. And no sooner had the universe been startled at this exhibition of divine love and benevolence, than his disciples were seen going about Jerusalem with despair pictured in every countenance, and exclaiming, "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel!" But soon the scene is changed; it is evidenced to the world, that sin, death and hell are conquered! Christ comes forth from the grave; the hopes of his despairing disciples are revived, and they go forth clothed with divine power, to evangelize and save the world.

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# SONG OF THE MANNA GATHERERS.

"This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat."

Comrades, haste! the tent's last shading  
Lies along the level sand,  
Far and faint: the stars are falling  
O'er the gleaming western strand.  
Airs of morning  
Freshen the black, burning land,  
Haste, ere the third hour, glowing  
With its eager thirst, prevail  
O'er the moist pearls, now bestrewn  
Tidings of peace and early wake.  
Dew celestial,  
Left when earthly dews exhaled,  
Ere the bright gold hour be wasted,  
Clean, not ravening, or in sloth:  
To your tent bring all unstated—  
To thy Father, nothing loth,  
Bring thy treasure:  
Trust thy God, and keep thy truth.

Trust him: care not for the morrow;  
Shouldst thou once overflow,  
And some power seek to borrow,  
Be thy gift not scant nor slow.  
Wouldst thou store it?  
Ope those hands, and let it go.

Trust his daily word of wonder,  
Wrought to all his people's sight;  
Think on you high place of thunder,  
Think upon the earthly light  
Brought from Sinai,  
When the prophet's face grew bright.

Think, the glory yet is nigh there,  
Power unsifted arrests this arm,  
Love's eye watches, as they pass,  
Staves abounding to thy harm.  
Rich and needy  
All are levelled by love's charm.

Sing we thus our songs of labor,  
At our harvest in the wild,  
For our God and for our neighbor,  
Till six times the morn has smiled,  
And our vessels  
Are with two-fold treasure piled.

For that one, that heavenly morrow,  
We may care and toil to-day;  
Other toil is less and sorrow,  
Savings are but thrown away.  
Breaded morn!  
Motes and worms shall on it prey.

While the faithless and unsteady  
Shun with work the season's heat,  
We sound the heaven-sent melody,  
Praise thee, Lord, with all our best.  
Signs prophetic  
Fill our week, both toil and rest.

Gomelers, what our sires have told us—  
Watch and wait for his will come;  
Smiling with calm sunbeams fold us,  
In a new and verdant home;  
Earth will feed us  
From her own benignant womb.

We beside the wondrous river,  
In the appointed hour shall stand,  
Following, as from Egypt ever,  
Thy bright cloud and outstretched hand:  
In thy shadow  
We shall rest, on Abraham's land.

Not by man's alms at morning  
Shall our bread be then supplied,  
But a strange pale gold, molting  
Many a faded mountain's side,  
Yearly fed us,  
Year by year our murmurings chide.

There, no prophet's touch assisting  
From each clod, deep cavern start  
Rills that since their first creating  
Never have ceased to sing their part.  
Oft we heard them  
In our dreams, with thrifty heart.

O, when travel-tolls are over,  
When above our trumpet sent,  
All our guardian angels hover,  
Will our hearts be quite at rest?  
Nay, fair Canaan  
Is not heavenly Mercy's best.

Know ye not, our glorious Leader  
Shall may see and die?  
Israel's guide and more and fiercer  
Israel's hope from far must eye,  
Then departing,  
Find a worthier throne on high.

Dimly shall faint fancy trace him,  
Dim though sweet her dreams shall prove,  
Wondering what high powers embrace him,  
Where in silence  
Sleeping, hallowers hear or grove.

Deep of blessings are before us;  
Only, when the desert sky  
And the sheltering cloud hang o'er us,  
Morn by morn, obediently,  
Glean our manna,  
And the song of Moses try.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

MR. DANIEL GORD died in Whitefield, June 10, aged 58. Mr. Gord had been a professor of religion twenty-five years, and a worthy member of the M. E. Church in Pittston. His last days were of severe pain and great suffering, but he bore it with Christian patience and great resignation; and as death advanced, he was enabled to meet it with firm and unwavering confidence in Jesus Christ as his all-sufficient Savior, testifying to his friends that "all is right between me and the Lord." He leaves a wife and his spirit rests in paradise. He has left behind a wife and a large family of children to mourn the loss of a father and companion, together with a large circle of friends who participate with the afflicted family.  
East Pittston, July 18.

HANNAH, consort of Br. Benjamin B. Holden, of Sweden, died July 18, in the 47th year of her age. She was born when about 19 years of age; since which time it may be said of her that she lived the life of the righteous and her last end was perfect peace. While in health, duty was no burden; in sickness, death was no terror. She was a help-meet indeed, in whom the heart of her husband did safely confide; a chaste keeper at home, going abroad only when duty called. She called her family around her, like a long farwell, and putting her hands upon the head of her youngest, an only son, heaven upon him. Then, requesting all but Br. H. to leave the room, she gave him such directions and advice as she judged proper, spoke of her warm affection for him, bade him farewell, gave the last parting kiss, and in a few moments departed, as she said, to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.  
W. D. JONES.  
Hiram, July 24.

LEWIS HOWLAND died at his residence in Hanson, April 14, aged 40 years. Mr. Howland was a very faithful and devoted follower of the divine Redeemer, in private and in public. For four years he had been a worthy and exemplary member of the M. E. Church. He was patient and resigned to the will of God in his sickness; not only peaceful but triumphant in death, in

hope of a blissful immortality. His widow, especially sustained by divine grace, and six children, are left to mourn their irreparable loss. The church feels that sensibly under this solemn dispensation of God's providence. May it be sanctified to the spiritual good of all.  
Pembroke, July 27. JOHN FRENCH.

JUDITH C., wife of Br. Henry Gay, departed this life July 20, aged 28, after a severe illness of nearly eleven weeks, in confidence of a blessed immortality. She was a much esteemed member of our church, and the death of her spread mourning over so large a circle of kindred and friends. She did not retain her reason to the last, but had previously expressed strong confidence in God and readiness to go. She has left behind a deeply afflicted husband, and two children as yet too small to feel their great loss.  
Stafford Springs, July 23. L. C. COLLINS.

ABBY ALLEN GINN, died in Bucksport, Me., June 6, aged 18 years. June 13, SUSAN GINN, aged 16 years. Thus within one week were two sisters cut down in the prime of life, by consumption. Abby was interested in the subject of religion during the revival in 1843, but she did not obtain an assurance of her acceptance with God until a few months before her death. With a full and cheerful trust in her Savior, she awaited the great change. Her last words were, "If another of you have a message to mother, I will carry it; for I shall soon see her." That pious mother had gone before her to the spirit land.

Susan was always thoughtful and serious, and her great anxiety was to be prepared to die. She found peace in resigning herself wholly to the Savior. Both of these sisters were buried in one grave. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided."  
Bucksport, July 13. C. F. ALLEN.

LOIS PERKINS, sister of Br. Jared Perkins, of the N. H. Conference, left us to join the church above, on the 21st inst., at the house of her brother-in-law, Br. Freeman Gee, of this town. Her sickness was lingering and painful, but borne with the fortitude and resignation of a Christian. She had given herself to the Savior in youth and her death was triumphant.  
Marlow, N. H., July 20. A. FOLSOM.

Sister SARAH SLADE died in the triumphs of faith, on Saturday, April 25, aged 38. On the last day of March, when she had been unable to speak for nineteen days, she requested by signs that the text, "Be ye also ready," might be used as the foundation of a discourse at her funeral, that the 103d Psalm might be read, as expressive of her feelings, and that the hymn commencing, "Why should we start, and fear to die?"

might be sung on the occasion. She had been sick twelve years; for about eleven weeks she had taken nothing but drinks; for two years and over she had been confined to her bed, and unable to turn herself without help; and for eleven years and five months she had been unable to bear her weight. Truly she was chosen in the furnace of affliction. Her mind was unclouded by any doubt of her acceptance with God, for many years previous to her death. She was ready to depart and be with Christ. Her funeral was attended by Br. J. W. Case, Tuesday, April 28, and she was followed to her resting place by a large circle of friends and relatives.  
Little Compton, R. I., May 2. I. WASHBURN.

## MINISTERIAL.

For the Herald and Journal.

### PREACHING.

Br. Stevens.—Some time ago the readers of the Herald—particularly the preachers—were entertained and instructed by a series of articles on reading and preaching sermons, from a pen, which whenever wielded, is wielded with advantage. (May that pen long be spared to adorn our editorial columns.) Had I been the most rigid and prejudiced of those great sticklers for precisely written and well read sermons, the reading of those articles would have shaken my prejudices; but had they not been effectual in the complete removal of those misguided scruples, a practical exemplification of the effects produced by the two modes upon the same day, and before the same audience, would have wrought a complete radical cure.

A few Sabbaths ago, it was my privilege to listen to two sermons, one of which was read, the other extempore. Any man of judgment, who had paid close attention to the first, would have pronounced it the product of no ordinary mind. It was characterized by orthodox sentiment, beauty of arrangement, originality and sublimity of thought; it abounded with grand and striking illustration, was highly figurative, and the language chosen; it was powerful in argument, plain and pointed in statement of divine truths, and forcible in its appeals to the heart and conscience. It appears to have emanated from a warm and pious heart, was read with much feeling, and with a clear, distinct enunciation. In short, it wanted nothing but a warm, animated, extemporaneous delivery, to make it one of the best of sermons.

As for the other discourse, we may safely affirm that, with the exception of its theology, it was in every respect the reverse of the above. It was, indeed, a feeble effort, a miserable attempt to elucidate divine truth. Save its theology, it did not possess one redeeming quality, and withal, was delivered under great embarrassment. Do not accuse me of judging this poor brother too hard, for he authorizes me thus to write, and endorses every sentence.

And now for the effect produced by the two sermons; (visible I mean, for what effect was produced upon the feelings, I am not prepared to say.) Under the first, my attention was riveted, my mind was instructed, and I trust my heart was profited. I would occasionally look upon the people, to see if they were equally interested with myself; but alas! a more listless, inattentive, careless congregation I never beheld. There was sleeping, gazing about, and tattling enough, to sicken the heart of any preacher.

We assembled again, and now an extemporary effort was made, which in point of every quality which adorned a sermon, was a failure, begging pardon of the readers of the Herald. The change of scene! Had the heads of the audience been fixed in blocks, they could scarcely have been more immovable; "sweet nature's balmy sleep" was no visitor amongst us this afternoon; every eye was wakeful; many an eye was moist, and many a tear was seen to start.

Far be it from me to attribute this difference to any lack of ability, or want of taste in the people to appreciate what was good and excellent. O no! I believe it cannot be accounted for upon any other principle, than the reading of sermons, however excellent, never was, nor ever will be, very interesting to any congregation. The dullness ever attendant upon reading, is incapable of imparting life and animation. The same sermon read, or delivered extempore, as the case might be, would lull to sleep and freeze to spiritual death, or keep wakeful, and raise to newness of life, the self-same audience.

No wonder that our good Bishop Waugh, should express his astonishment and grief, when at our last Conference, he was informed there was amongst our preachers, a growing tendency towards this evil. Let us by all possible means, check this tendency. We do not object to the practice of occasionally writing sermons; we would rather encourage it; but we do decline against their ever being brought into the pulpit. Let us rather, in preference to reading, as my former Presiding Elder (Br. Allen) once said to me, "catch them flying." Yours, &c.,  
RICHARD DONKERLEY.  
North Dighton, Mass., June 29.

## SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

### DR. BANGS ON SLAVERY.

NO. II.

#### PREVALENCE OF SLAVERY.

That slavery existed among all the nations of antiquity, is a truth which stands on the records of their history. Who does not know that a Trojan war originated from the captivity of a Greek slave, and that the wealth of Achilles was kindled on the altar of slavery? The Greeks and Romans not only made slaves of the captives taken in war, but they enslaved their own countrymen; the father sold his children, the creditor his insolvent debtor, and the warrior his helpless captive. And no doubt the wide diffusion of slavery in the Roman Empire, for it pervaded all ranks of society, and the severity of her laws towards the slave, hastened the fall of the Roman Commonwealth.

Nor did the coming of the Christian religion do away this prevalent evil. Though so far as its mild and benign principles entered into the hearts of mankind, and became a regulator of their consciences, the severity of the laws sanctioning and regulating slavery were relaxed and modified, so that the master was bound to treat his slave with justice and kindness, and the slave was bound to serve his master with fidelity, not with eye service, but with singleness of heart. Yet it existed in the Christian church, as an evil which could not be immediately and wholly exterminated. It is true that the voice of Christianity proclaimed a war against it, as a corrupter of human society, as inconsistent with the peace and purity of the church; but it continued and prevailed nevertheless, and no doubt contributed, among other things, to bring on that dark cloud which finally enveloped the church for so many ages.

But passing over the long list of outrages which were committed upon the rights of mankind by that horrid cupid which led them to gratify their avarice or revenge at the expense of the principles of humanity, and in violation of the law which requires us to do as we would be done by, and which disgraced all the nations of Europe, as well as of Asia and Africa, Germans, Russians, Anglo-Saxons, Irish, French, Italians and Sicilians—I say, without dwelling upon those enormities which stood out prominently on the face of all these nations, in consequence of the corrupting influences of slavery and the slave trade, I will now notice the manner of its introduction into our own country. It seems, indeed, that it had been so long and so generally practiced, that no one dreamed even that it was wrong, or that it was in any way incompatible with the laws of social intercourse, which ought to regulate the conduct one towards another, as fellow beings and fellow citizens. Every one looked simply "for his gain from his quarter," and therefore sought by the traffic in human beings to gratify his avarice, his love of luxurious indulgence, his pride and pomposity, however much he might trespass upon the rights or invade the possessions of his fellow men.

Preparatory to the introduction of negro slaves into the newly discovered colonies of America, the love of gain had familiarized the traffic in human beings to most of the nations of Europe; so much so that they seemed to vie with each other for the conquest of the barbarous nations of Africa. No sooner, therefore, were the islands of the West Indies discovered, than the natives were reduced to slavery, and even Columbus himself has left a blot upon his otherwise fair fame, by sending five hundred of the natives of America to Spain, to be sold for slaves. And though the generous nature of Isabella led her to liberate those thus transported as slaves to her dominions, yet she sanctioned the enslavement of the Moors and the negro race, and reserved to herself and Ferdinand a fourth part of the slaves which the newly discovered kingdom might contain. So general was the passion for the conquest of the natives, with a view to enslave them, that "the articles of the new New England confederacy class persons among the spoils of war," and the excellent Winthrop, the Governor of Connecticut, "enumerates Indians among his bequests." In New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, and the Carolinas, the natives were held as slaves for a long time after their settlement by Europeans.

But all these instances of slavery were small and insignificant in comparison to the negro slavery which was soon introduced, attended with all the horrors of the African slave trade, into all the colonies of North and South America. Spanish slave-holders emigrated with their negro slaves, and such were the numbers of enslaved Africans in Hispaniola, within two years after its settlement, that Ovando, the governor of the island, entreated that the importation might be stopped. To disguise the real motive for this nefarious practice, the Spanish government interposed its authority to prevent the continuance of the traffic of those who had been bred in Moorish families, under a pretence of allowing those only who had been educated in Christianity to be imported, that they might assist in converting infidels! This hypocritical conduct could not cover up the avaricious designs of those rapacious Spaniards, who soon found the benefits resulting from slave labor, in cultivating sugar and in working the mines. Hence, king Ferdinand lent his royal influence to rivet slavery in his newly acquired dominions, and even Las Casas, the benevolent missionary, while he pleaded the cause of humanity against the enslavement of the feeble natives, on account of their feebleness of their labor, gave his sanction to the employment of African slaves, and thus contributed to perpetuate the system of negro bondage.

Other nations, now greedy to share in the glory of colonizing the new world, were no less eager to participate in the profits of the slave trade and slave labor. Hence, England, France and Germany joined with the Spaniards, not only in sending colonists to people America, but also in purchasing or decoying away the sons and daughters of Africa, and to sell them into perpetual bondage, or to employ them in cultivating sugar and rice, and digging in the gold and silver mines of America. It was in vain that the colonists remonstrated against the horrid practice, as being inconsistent with the principles of Christianity and the laws of humanity. The royal governments, actuated by that cupid which resulted from avarice, were determined to force slavery upon their colonies, even at the expense of justice, Christian love and the reciprocal duties of human society. Hence the slave trade went on and increased in extent and cruelty in a proportion to the increasing demand for slave labor.

until almost the entire continent of America, so far as European settlements had extended, was infested by the pestiferous atmosphere created by the love of slavery. To purify this foul atmosphere by removing its cause, will require wise and cautious measures. Nor need we expect that an evil of such magnitude, introduced by such slow degrees, spread so extensively among the people, and of such long continuance, can be eradicated by a word, a look, or even a touch; but it requires the efforts of a nation to throw off the mighty incubus under which we have so long groined.

Before, however, I come to the remedy I propose, I must give some further details respecting its introduction into the several states of the Union, and the efforts that were made to resist it. In the meantime, let us pray God so to enlighten our understandings, and guide our consciences, that we may speak and do right in all things.  
Brooklyn, L. I., July 19. N. BANGS.

### VERMONT CONFERENCE.

Br. Stevens, The following Report on Slavery was unanimously adopted by the Vermont Conference, at its recent session, and the Conference ordered me to forward it for insertion in the Herald and Journal.  
Yours, &c.,  
D. FIELD.

That slavery still exists, and even increases, in this far famed "land of the free, and home of the brave," is a fact proclaimed by the sighs and tears of its three millions of hapless victims—a fact which should make the ears of all who hear it tingle, the eyes of all who read it weep, a fact in view of which insulted and plundered humanity looks to Christianity, the daughter of heaven, and implores her aid, her immediate and persevering influence, for the removal of her fetters, and the restoration of those God-given rights of which she has been robbed. And where else can she look, with any hope of succoring the truth, righteousness, and every thing else on earth which is pure, honest, lovely, and of good report, where shall these essential elements of man's well-being be found? To whom shall the slaves of this republic look for the exercise of an influence in their behalf, which shall remove their shackles and restore their freedom? To whom but to the representatives of Him who, that he might proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prisons to them that are bound, tore himself away from the society and delights of heaven, and came to this revolted province of Jehovah's widely extended domains, and here went about doing good among men, until at length upon the cross, amidst supernatural darkness, rending rocks, and opening graves, he cried out, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost? But who are these representatives? All Christians, but especially all Christian ministers. Christian ministers are both just and generous. Let justice be rendered to the slave, and as the result, he ceases to be an article of merchandise, and at once becomes a man. Let generosity be shown him, and he becomes an enlightened, an educated man. Christian ministers are commissioned to preach to men the following heaven originated and sublime sentiment: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Let this sentiment be practically carried out by the active churches in these United States, and what would be the result? The extinction of the crying sin, the burning curse of slavery from this land.

Your committee would conclude their report, by presenting, for the consideration and action of the Conference, the following resolutions: 1. Resolved, That we are not only "as much as ever," but more than ever, "convinced of the great evil of slavery," and that we view with painful emotion the increased efforts which have recently been put forth to sustain and augment it. 2. Resolved, That both in sentiment and feeling our opposition to this foul system is proportionate to our growing conviction of its inherent wickedness, and ruinous effects. 3. That the practical opposition of one thousand abolitionists will accomplish more in behalf of the slave, than the mere sentimentalism of thousands can ever effect. 4. Resolved, That practical opposition to slavery, to be efficient must be regulated, not by grovelling and time-serving expediency, but by unbending moral principle. 5. Resolved, That while we hate slavery with a perfect hatred, (and it merits nothing else,) we love the church, her government, her officers, her members and institutions, and purpose, God being our helper, to remain within her sacred pale until slavery, that base intruder, is driven out. 6. Resolved, That the works of slavery are works of darkness, with which the children of light should have no fellowship, but should rather repudiate them. 7. Resolved, That Christianity, patriotism, philanthropy, and even-handed justice, raise their united voices against slavery, and exclaim, as in thunder tones, "Let it be Anathema, Maranatha." 8. Resolved, That the complete overthrow of this prolific source of misery to man, its expulsion from the church, and its banishment from the world, is a consummation devoutly to be wished; and, peacefully accomplished, would be an event in view of which the morning stars about might sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy. 9. Resolved, That to place the abolitionism of New England Methodists in the same category with Southern slavery, is a vile aspersion of New England Methodism. 10. Resolved, That we recommend the formation of an anti-slavery society within the bounds of this Conference, and that such society be formed during the present session.

Respectfully submitted,  
D. FIELD,  
W. J. KIDDER, } Committee.  
A. HITCHCOCK,

After she is seated, the following conversation ensues: "Can you do plain sewing?" "Yes, ma'am, as well as most persons."

"What is your price for fine shirts?" "I have 't set any price yet, but I will work as low as any one."

"But you know that to get work you will have to work a little more than ordinary?" "Well, ma'am, I am in want, and I will work at almost any price."

"I suppose you will make fine shirts for a quarter?" "Yes, ma'am."

"And calico dresses for the same?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Well, that's reasonable." "Boy's common shirts you will not charge over eleven pence for?" "No, ma'am."

"That's reasonable, and I'll do all I can for you. It gives me pleasure to help the poor—Come down to-morrow, and I will have some work ready for you." The widow departed: "Well, wife," says Mr. T.—, when he saw the woman depart, "at what price will she work?"

"At just half what Miss R.— charges." "Well, that's something like. It gives me pleasure to befriend any one who is willing to work at a reasonable price. Why, this will save us almost a dollar a week the year round."

"Yes, it will so; and if I keep her at it, or some one else, at the same price for a year, you will let me have a fifty dollar shawl, won't you?" "Yes, if you want it."

"Well, I'll do my best. It's shameful what some of those seamstresses do charge." Boys' shirts, at twelve and a half cents, were her first pieces of work. Two of these by hard work she managed to get done in a day.

Next morning she was up early, though her head ached badly, and she was faint and weak from having sat so steadily through the whole of the preceding day. Her children were taken up, washed and dressed, her rooms cleaned, and a scanty meal of mush and milk prepared for the little ones, and a cup of tea for herself. Her own stomach refused the food of which her children partook with keen appetites, and she could not swallow a few mouthfuls of dry, stale bread.

It was near ten o'clock when she got fairly down to work, her head still aching and almost blinding her. Some how or other she could not get on at all fast, and it was long past the usual dinner hour before she had finished the first garment.

After dinner, Mrs. — worked hard, and in much bodily pain and misery, to finish the other shirt, in which the last stitch was taken at nine o'clock at night.

Soon after breakfast the next day, she took the shawl made by Mrs. T.—, her thoughts mostly occupied with the comfortable dollar she was to buy her children with the half dollar she had earned. For it was a sad truth, that she had laid out her last half dollar for the meal with which she was making mush for her little ones.

After examining every seam, every hem, and every line of stitching, Mrs. T.— expressed approbation of the work; and handled the poor woman a couple of fine shirts to make for Mr. T.—, and a calico dress for herself. She did not offer to pay her for the work she had done; after lingering a few moments, Mrs. — ventured to hint that she would like to have a part of what she had earned.

"O dear! I never think of it," said Mrs. —, "I shall send you five dollars, it is so troublesome to keep account of small sums. When you have made five dollars, I will pay you."

"Mrs. — retired, but with a heart that seemed like lead in her bosom. "When shall I earn five dollars? not for a whole month, at this rate," were the words that formed themselves in her thoughts.

From this state of gloominess, she was roused by a knock at the door, and a pleasant looking lady, somewhat gaily dressed, came in with a small bundle in her hand.

She introduced herself by saying that she had just seen some pretty shirts at Mr. T.'s, and that she was so well pleased with the work, that she had inquired for the maker.

"And now having found you," said she, "I want you to make and fit this calico dress for me, if you could do such work?"

"I shall be glad to do it for you," said Mrs. —, encouraged by the kind feelings of the lady.

"And what will you charge?" Mrs. —, hesitated a moment, and then said, "Mrs. T.— gives me a quarter of a dollar."

There was a bright spot, for a moment, in the check of the lady.

"Then I will give you three," said she with warmth.

Mrs. — burst into tears, for she could not help it.

"Are you in need?" inquired the strange lady hesitantly, but with an air that could not be mistaken.

For a moment the widow paused; but the sight of her children conquered the rising emotion of her pride.

"I have nothing but a little corn-meal in the house, and no money."

A tear glistened in the stranger's eye; her breast heaved with strong emotion, then again, all was still.

"I will pay you for this dress before hand, then, and I will pay it done very nice, and I will pay you a dollar for making it. Can I have it day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly, ma'am, to-morrow evening, if you want it."

The dollar was paid down, and the angel of mercy departed. More than one heart was glad that morning.—Methodist Protestant.

## GREAT DISMAL SWAMP.

In an article from the London Court Gazette, we find the following reference to Mr. Lyell's account of the "Great Dismal Swamp:"

This gentleman, (Mr. Lyell), so well known to the geological world, started some time since to investigate the American strata, and some very curious results he has obtained. One of the peculiar natural phenomena noticed by Mr. Lyell was an immense quagmire, or swamp, in North Carolina, which is called the "Great Dismal," and is partly travelled by a railroad raised on spiles. The swamp, fifty miles in length, and twenty-five in breadth, is something, in comparison, like a peat-bog, and is forming gradually a rich coal deposit, but its peculiarity consists in this, that the surface of the morass, instead of being lower than the level of the surrounding country, is higher. Mr. Lyell calls this an anomaly, and is apparently at loss to account for it. What is, perhaps, still more remarkable, is, that the centre of the swamp itself, is much higher than the surrounding parts. The formation, which is a good pent, is moreover found in a climate in which nothing of this kind has before been discovered. Our readers will remember our recent remarks on the increasing strength of the United States. When we consider the immensity of her coal fields, hitherto unexplored, that idea is abundantly confirmed. When we hear from the intelligent geologist, that one single bed of coal in that country, is larger than the whole of that valuable article to be found in England and Scotland together, we shall clearly perceive that her resources for steam-machinery, for either manufactures or travelling, are perfectly boundless. The day, however, is distant, when these treasures are to yield her profit, for she wants capital to work the earth.

## DIFFERENT PREACHERS.

Those that are all in exhortation, no whit in doctrine, are like to them that snuff the candle, but pour not in oil. Again, those that are all in doctrine, nothing in exhortation, drown the wick in oil, but light it not; making it fit for use, if it had fire put to it; but, as it is, rather a snuff of good, than profitable in present. Doctrine without exhortation, makes men all brain, no heart; exhortation without doctrine, makes the

heart full, leaves the brain empty. But together make a man. One makes a man, the other good; one serves that we may know our duty; the other that we may perform it. I will labor in both; but I know not in whether more. Men cannot practice unless they know; and they know in vain, if they practice not.—Bishop Hall.

We cannot reckon that really nor comfortably our own, which is not so when all our debts are paid.

A practical and constructive atheism is the cause and malignity of our departures from God. One builds houses for wise men to dwell in. Feet lie commonly beggars another.

## Advertisements.

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That the work may continue to exert a powerful influence in favor of vital godliness, is the earnest wish of the author.  
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**NOTICE.**  
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